

THE

10¢

CISCO KID



RANGE CATTLE

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The great American prairies, with their annual coat of luxuriant grass, are ideal for grazing animals. Even in winter, good fodder is available. The prairie grass dries in the late summer sun and makes fine hay. Hardy range animals can feed themselves by pawing away the snow to reach the dried grass.



The original prairie animal was the buffalo. Plains Indians such as the Sioux and the Cheyenne lived almost entirely on a diet of buffalo meat. They dried strips of its flesh in the hot summer sun and ate it throughout the winter.

The first European cattle on the scene were the Spanish longhorns brought here by Spanish colonists. These animals were big, rangy and very determined. Early American cattlemen handled almost nothing but longhorns. They were very hard to handle and gave unlimited trouble because they were excitable—"spooked" by flashes of lightning and claps of thunder.



Along about 1890, the era of the shorthorn began. The Hereford was the most popular. They have white faces and dark body colors and are often called "whitefaces." Soon they replaced the Spanish longhorn.

However, one trouble plagued the cattlemen. He lost too many steers on the great trail drives to markets in Kansas and Missouri. Charles Goodnight, owner of the great J. A. ranch in Texas, tried crossing the buffalo with the cow to produce a meat-bearing animal that would be hardy enough to withstand the hardships of trail driving and still be tender enough to eat. He named the result of his experiment the "Cattalo," but it was a failure—too tough to eat.



Today, a good percentage of American prime beef is raised on farms. The animals are of many thoroughbred types—the Angus is perhaps the most popular. They are hand fed and pampered and never have to walk more than a few feet under their own power. They are taken to market by truck and railroad. But most large ranches still rely on shorthorns and the cowboy's work remains the same.

THE CISCO KID

AND THE JACKAL ROUNDUP

EARLY ONE MORNING...

MADRE MIA! CISCO!
FINCHO IS SO HUNGRY,
HIS THROAT THINKS HIS
STOMACH IS GUT!

CHEER UP, FINCHO! WE
SHALL BE IN POINTED
PEAK VERY SOON! AND
YOU CAN GORGE YOUR-
SELF ON FRUJOLEST!



MEANWHILE, IN POINTED PEAK...

NEXT!

RECKON
THAT'S ME!

FILE
LAND
CLAIMS
HERE



TATE! I'VE BEEN LOOK-
ING FOR YOU ALL - - -

RIGHT NOW, I'M
BUSY, JERRY!
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER!



YOU'LL SEE ME
NOW! - - - YOU
LAND-JUMPING
SNEAK!

HAVE YOU GONE
LOCO? THIS IS YOUR
PAL, TATE HUXLEY!
REMEMBER?



PAL, MY FOOT! YOU ONLY
PRETENDED TO BE ONE TILL
I FOUND A LIKELY-LOOKING
CLAIM! NOW YOU'RE TRYING
TO BEAT ME TO FILING ON IT!







AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY

SANTO! WHY THE SAM HILL SLAZES DO WE ALWAYS HAVE TO RISE SO EARLY IN THE MORNING?

WE DON'T! BUT TODAY I WANT TO BE ON HAND WHEN JERRY STARTS WORK ON THE MINE SHAFT.



JUST IN CASE THAT SEÑOR TATE WAS NOT MAKING AN IOLE THREAT!

LOOK, CISCO! THERE IS JERRY! THE WORK HAS BEGUN TO START!



A WHACKBUSH!

HURRY!



JERRY! YOU ARE ALL RIGHT?

EXCEPT FOR A HOLE IN MY HAT!

YOU ARE LUCKY IT IS NOT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!



COME, CISCO! WE WILL GO AFTER THE...

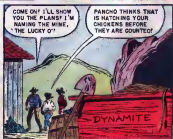
NO, FANCH! HE DID NOT WANT TO KILL JERRY! ONLY SCARE HIM!



RIGHT, CISCO! I FIGURE IT'S TATE'S WAY OF WARNING ME!

NEXT TIME MAYBE HE WILL SHOOT TO KILL... NOT?







HIDDEN BY TREES, POKY RELIES
HIS NAME...



AND HEADS FOR TOWN...



A SHORT TIME LATER...

WELL, WHAT'S UP?
STRUCK GOLD ALREADY?

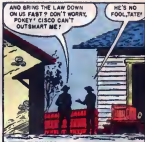
NOT TROUBLE! A
COUPLE OF
HOMBRES SHOWED
UP AT THE DIGGIN'S
WHILE AGO!...



AN' JERRY CALLED
"EM "PANCHITO" AN'
"CISCO"?

CISCO! WELL,
I'LL BE HANGED!





A FEW DAYS LATER...



CISCO? PANCHITO!
LOOK!



IT'S GOLD, ALL RIGHT!
BUT NOT FROM A
HIGH VEIN!

I KNOW, CISCO! I'VE
ALREADY TOLD THE
BOYS TO GO DEEPER!
THEY'RE DIGGING SOME
SIDE TUNNELS, TOO!



JERRY! WE'VE
STRUCK WATER!
WE'LL HAVE TO
PUT IN A DRAIN!

THAT'S WHY I
BOUGHT ALL THAT
PIPE! GET A ROPE!
WE'LL SET IT DOWN
IN A JIFFY!



PANCHITO! WE CAN
HANDLE THIS!
SUPPOSE YOU
DO A LITTLE
SCOUTING---
NEXT DOOR!

AWAY! FOR ONCE
PANCHITO GETS
AN EASY JOB!

JUST THEN, AT TATE'S MINE...



POKEY! WHAT'RE
YOU DOING HERE?

WORKIN'--- I HOPE! I
QUIT THE LUCKY DE!
HOW'RE YOU GOIN'?

GRAY! WE'VE BUNK A SHORT VERTICAL SHAFT! THEN BUILT A SLANTING TUNNEL THAT ENDS DIRECTLY UNDER JERRY'S SHAFT! NOW WE'RE DIGGING STRAIGHT DOWN!



YOU MEAN, YOU'RE HOPIN' TO HIT THE BIG VEIN FIRST? AND STEAL THE GOLD BEFORE JERRY FINDS IT?

RIGHT! WE'LL BRING IT UP THE SLANTING TUNNEL INTO MY SHAFT AND---



BOSS! THE EARTH'S GETTIN' MIGHTY DAMP! I'D SAY WE WERE MIGHTY NEAR WATER!

THAT'S A BREAK I HADN'T COUNTED ON! A GOOD ONE, TOO!



A MINUTE LATER..

BE QUICK WITH THAT PIPE! THEN BOTH OF YOU COME DOWN AND HELP!



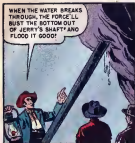
MADRE MIA! BEHON TATE IS PLEADED AT STRIKING WATER! PANCHO DOES NOT SARE THAT!...



BUT CIBBO WILL!











DISCO LEAPS...



TRY THIS ON
FOR SIZE!



SORRY, SEÑOR:
IT DID NOT FIT!

OWWW?

STAY!



YOU'RE NOT
TAKING
ME IN!

WE SHALL SEE
ABOUT THAT!...



BUT FIRST I WILL
USE YOUR GUN TO











SIT! AND WE WILL CELEBRATE! WITH PRIDJLES!

THE CISCO KID

AND THE LAND JUMPERS

SANTO! BUT THAT STAGE
DRIVER IS IN THE VERY
BIG HURRY!

NOT THE DRIVER,
PANCHO! THE
HORSES! THEY ARE
RUNNING AWAY!
HURRY!





IN THIS WILD COUNTRY,
IT IS STRANGE TO SEE
A STAGE WITHOUT A
SHOTGUN GUARD!

WE LEFT
OURS AT THE
LAST TOWN!
HE WAS
ALL IN! ---
GOSH! I HAVEN'T
EVEN THANKED
YOU, STRANGER!



DO NOT MENTION IT! AS YOUR
HORSES ARE NOT STAGE-WISE,
PERHAPS PANGHO AND I HAD
BETTER ESCORT YOU ON
TO PINTO HILLS!



I'D BE WIGHTY--- PANGHO?
THEN YOU MUST BE THE GISSO
KID! GOLLY! I'VE HEARD
PLENTY ABOUT YOU TWO!



SO HAVE WE! EVEN 'WAY
BACK IN ST. LOUIS! I'M
MRS. MARTHA TURNER, AND
THIS IS MY DAUGHTER,
PEGGY!

IT IS A
PLEASURE,
SEÑORA AND
SEÑORITA!



PANGHO THINKS SO, TOO!
HE ALSO THINKS ---
IN CASE THERE IS MORE
RUNNING AWAY ---
WE SHOULD RIDE
INSIDE!

VERY WELL!
BUT YOU WILL
HAVE TO LEAVE
LOGO HERE! I
CANNOT WATCH
HIM AND THE
STAGE HORSES,
TOO!



GOSSONE IT TO BLAZES!
EVERY TIME PANGHO WANTS
TO BE FRIENDS WITH A
SEÑORITA, GISSO THROWS
THE WORKS INTO THE
MONKEY WRENCH!

LATER, IN PINTO HILLS

THE HOTEL IS SMALL, BUT CLEAN AND RESPECTABLE. SEÑORA TURNER! WE WILL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS! PANCHITO, PLEASE---

SAVE THE WORDS, CISCO! PANCHITO KNOWS THEM ALREADY! --"GET THE BAGGAGE!"



WE'RE PLANNING TO SETTLE HERE! ON A QUARTER SECTION MY UNCLE JONAS LEFT ME!

THAT IS A LOT OF LAND FOR TWO WOMEN TO HANDLE!



WE'RE GOING TO SELL MOST OF IT, AND BUILD A HOME AND RESTAURANT ON WHAT'S LEFT!

AN EXCELLENT IDEA! PINTO HILLS IS GROWING FAST! WHICH MEANS LAND VALUES ARE INCREASING!



NEXT MORNING

CISCO! THE SEÑORA, SHE IS CRYING BIG TEARS!

AND COMING FROM THE LAND OFFICE! SOMETHING MUST HAVE SOME WRONGS REGARDING HER INHERITANCE!



SEÑORA TURNER! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

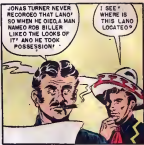
THE MAN IN THE LAND OFFICE SAYS UNCLE JONAS'S LAND IS GONE! SOMEBODY'S LIVING ON IT!



PERHAPS YOU MISUNDERSTOOD! I WILL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT! PANCHITO, WILL YOU ESCORT THE LADIES TO THE HOTEL?

WITH THE HIGHEST OF THE PLEASURE!





A LITTLE LATER...

MMM! NO WONDER SILLER LIKED THE LOOKS OF THIS LAND! THERE IS SOMETHING HERE WHICH IS VERY VALUABLE...



SO? SILLER HAS SEEN ME! AND LOOSED HIS WATCHDOG! BUT I CAN HANDLE HIM!



FOR A MOMENT CISCO STANDS MOTIONLESS...



...AND THEN...

AHA! NOW WE ARE FRIENDS! BUENO!



CAN'T YOU READ SIGNS? IT SAYS NO TRESPASSIN'! GET OFF MY LAND! PRONTO!

I WISH ONLY TO TALK TO YOU!



IF YOU AREN'T OFF MY LAND BY THE COUNT O' THREE, I'LL BLAST YOU! ONE --- TWO ---

I WILL LEAVE! BUT FIRST---



THAT WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO WAVE GUNS AT GALLIES!



AS CISCO HEADS AWAY, HE GLANCES BACK...

SURE THAT IS THE WAY IT IS! JEREMY AND BILLIE? I HAVE LITTLE DOUBT NOW WHAT WORD PARCHO WILL BRING BACK!



WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON OUT THERE? I HEARD A GUNSHOT! WHO—

SOME CONFOKE WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS! MAYBE YOU SAW HIM? SEE, TALL, BLACK-RAISED HORNHET!



YOU FOOL! THAT WAS THE CISCO RIF! SHOOTING AT HIM COULD BE FATAL!

HE THREW THE LEAD! SHOT MY SUN OUT OF MY HAND! BUT I DON'T SAVVY WHY HE CAME HERE!



HE'S A FRIEND OF THE WIDOW TURNER! I TELL YOU, NOS— IF I'D KNOWN JONAS HAD ANY RELATIONS TO INHERIT I'D NEVER HAVE GONE INTO THIS DEAL!



STOP JITTERIN'! ONLY ONE MORE WEEK AN' WE CLOSE THE DEAL WITH THE MERCHANTS! AN' VAMOOSE WITH A HUNK O' CASH!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT WITH CISCO NOSING AROUND---



HOLD IT! I JUST GOT AN IDEA! IT'LL PUT CISCO ON ICE--- BUT GOOD! SIT DOWN! I'LL RUSTLE US SOME GRUB WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT IT!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

ARE YOU THE
CISCO KID?

SII! I TAKE IT YOU ARE
THE SHERIFF OF
PINTO HILLS!



IT'S PART OF MY TERRITORY! MY
OFFICE IS IN CHUCKALUCK, THE
COUNTY SEAT--- I'VE GOT A
WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST!

WHAT? I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND! WHO---



ROB BILLEN'S CHARGING
YOU WITH ASSAULT WITH
A DEADLY WEAPON---
AND TRESPASSING!
HAND OVER YOUR GUN!
THEN SADDLE UP!

SURELY THE
JAIL IS NOT
SO FAR WE
MUST RIDE
TO IT!



THERE ISN'T ANY
JAIL HERE! I'M
TAKING YOU TO
CHUCKALUCK!

BUT, SHERIFF, I SHOT
ONLY IN SELF-DEFENSE!
AND I WAS NOT
TRESPASSING...



SAVE IT FOR THE
TRIAL, CISCO! THE
CIRCUIT JUDGE IS
DUE BACK THIS
WAT IN A COUPLE
OF WEEKS!

I CANNOT STAY
IN JAIL THAT
LONG! I MUST
THINK OF
SOMETHING!



A FEW MILES FARTHER ON,
CISCO WHISPERS TO DIABLO...



...AND THE GREAT HORSE RESPONDS QUICKLY



BUT TOWARD DAWN THE SHERIFF COOZES



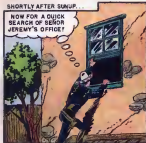
CISCO MOVES AS SILENTLY AS A SHADOW...





SHORTLY AFTER SUNUP...

NOW FOR A QUICK
SEARCH OF SENOR
JEREMY'S OFFICE!



THERE MUST BE SOME RECORD
OF THAT LAND HERE!



AND THERE IS! ---
SANTO! SOMEONE
IS COMING!



STOP ARGUING, ROB!
I'M NOT GOING TO BE
CAUGHT, WITH A FAIRY
TITLE IN MY RECORDS!

BUT YOU CAN'T
DESTROY IT! I'VE
GOT TO HAVE IT
WHEN I CLOSE
THE DEAL WITH---



ROB! IT'S GONE!
DO YOU SUPPOSE
CISCO SWIPE
IT?

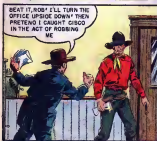
OF COURSE NOT!
DIDN'T WE SEE
SHERIFF HART
TAKIN' HIM OUT O'
TOWN LAST NIGHT?
BY NOW, HE'S
LOCKED UP TIGHT!



WRONG, SENOR! UP WITH
YOUR HANDS! AND DO
NOT WORRY ABOUT THE
TITLE PAPER! I HAVE IT!

CISCO!









MEANWHILE...

CISCO? I'M NOT
TANGLIN' WITH HIM
ALONE! I'M GUSTIN'!



SO? HE IS GOING TO RUN FOR
IT! BUT HE WILL NOT GET
FAR---EH, DIABLO?



I'LL RIDE UPSTREAM!
THAT'LL THROW HIM
OFF MY TRAIL!



BLAST THIS CAYUSE!
HE CAN'T BUCK
THE CURRENT!



HELP! WE'RE
HEACHIN' FOR
THE RAPIST!

HANG ON! WE
WILL SAVE
YOU!



TIE TO YOUR SAGOLE
NORN... QUICKLY,
SEÑOR!



AT CISCO'S BIDDING, DIABLO HEADS
FOR SHORE.



AH, DIABLO! YOU NOT
ONLY HAVE GREAT
STRENGTH, BUT A
GREAT HEART!



GET BACK IN THAT SAGOLE!
WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT
IN PINTO HILLS FOR
WHICH I DO NOT WISH
TO BE LATE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

... SO WHEN I STARTED TO INVESTIGATE
FOR SEÑORA TURNER, MILLER AND JEREMY
TRUMPED UP A CHARGE TO KEEP ME IN JAIL
TILL THEY COULD SELL THE TONS OF
BUFFALO BONES ON THE LAMO AS
FERTILIZER AND SKIP WITH
THE MONEY!



HERE IS THE OTHER LANGLEAPER.
CISCO? PANCHO FINDS HIM UNDER
A ROCK AND --- MAORE MIA?
A SHERIFF? ---



